

## NEW YORK THEATRICALS

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Christmas week is not a good one in which to offer theatrical diversion to people who are giving time and money to the purchase of holiday gifts. In none of our playhouses, central or outlying, is there a novel attraction to be discerned in this letter. So I may use my space to tell you about some compositions which, as has been demonstrated at experimental matinees within the fortnight, will never be put regularly on sale. One of them was presented by advanced playhouse company, the company of Dramatic Arts, and they did it well enough to warrant a conclusive judgment on the subject matter. "A Failure," written by Bjornson, Bjornson in servile imitation of the masterful Ibsen, is an endeavor to dramatize a case of bankruptcy and make it interesting by means of a dramatic device, the hard facts of business disaster. Such an undertaking has never been carried through to success, though there have been narrow escapes from failure, such as Henry Arthur Jones' "The Middleman," with its struggling, starving potter, his inventions misappropriated by a common thief, and his final ruin. The man who justifies Bjornson's title is one Tjalde, a business magnate, a veritable captain of industry, who keeps various leaky enterprises afloat till a load of debt is too heavy for him to carry longer, and he sinks suddenly into the mud of the stream on which they have seemed buoyantly prosperous. As he becomes more and more desperate, his tricks of false pretense pass into devices of swindling, and the elucubrations of the play show his mental torture while keeping the secret of his insolvency from his proud family and the trustful community. The work is neither imaginative, like some of Hauptmann's, nor engrossingly literal, like most of Ibsen's.

The fidelity of writing such a play as "A Failure" was proved by the single, separate fact that, even with an audience of friendly students and guests with long hair on and in their brains, the most effectual scene was the only theatre one, so old in idea and so little freshened in manner that an ordinary assembly would have disdained it, and only impressive on this occasion because it broke the monotony of uneventfulness. The captain of ill-fated industries was a man of the lawyer who comes to force him into bankruptcy, holds a pistol at the man's head and is prevented from firing, not by any physical resistance, but by a calmly convincing argument that an assignment would be wiser, all things considered, than an assassination. The lesson taught to receptive observers by the stage by the Ibsen school of dramatists is that even the truest transcripts from life are not interesting unless they contain more than a few episodes. Photographs are not hung in art galleries, nor are photographs used in musical academies.

George Bernard Shaw is one of those pedantic posers who purposely write odd things in order to be kicked and cuffed, and a provoking fact about the fellow is a cleverness so exceptional that he can't be ignored contemptuously. He is a London dramatic critic, and he strives to be singular, even absurd, in his reviews as well as in his fiction. In his "Arms and the Man," Richard Mansfield's artistic authority was too much for a certain sober consideration except a few. Mansfield impersonated a man who bore military arms as a trade, as a mechanic who works with tools, and who was scared by the perils of warfare, yet did his duty bravely as a matter of business. The character was a close and true study of human nature at an average. A still less conventional piece by Shaw, "Cashel Byron's Profession," in which the hero was a polished gentleman and pugilist, was tried here at a matinee and duly ridiculed to oblivion. We have just now had a third in "Candida," which Arnold Daly produced of an afternoon. The actors with Daly were: D. J. Donnelly, Dodson Mitchell, Louise Closser, Herbert Carr and F. Newton Jones, and I think it right to name them, because they were a very good company with a risk of abuse if they failed and only a gain in reputation if they succeeded. And their success as interpreters of certain scenes, and as comedians, I don't mean to say that the comedy developed any commercial value. I don't think it did. And I am sure it won't be a success in the making venture. Not many seekers of pastime at the theatre would take the trouble to appreciate it, and some of them couldn't if they would.

The man who writes plays for the open market to brand his characters unmistakably as sober or facetious, virtuous or vicious, and as a general rule he dares not put those different qualities at variance in a single individual, no matter that it is so often so in life. But there is in "Candida" a young clergyman who is a right good fellow and no hypocrite, yet very faintly vain and savagely jealous when another man loves his wife; and there is a boyishly passionate poet with an exquisite sense of honor and a sensibility that recoils recurrently to the extent of endeavoring to woo a wife away from her husband. The nature of those two men are reasonable in their own right, but in a play we are accustomed to watch struggles between right and wrong as embodied in opponents, and hardly ever do we see the combat waged at the same time within the individuals. Moreover, the clergyman is laughable in his conduct, and the poet is ludicrous in his; and, while both are pathetically emotional also, an evening gallery wouldn't permit the poet to be discriminated, even if it wanted to. However, the clergyman's sordid father-in-law, who tries the relationship to account in getting contracts; his austere typewriter, who overflows her small chamber with capacity with a jar; and his assistant rector, who is sadly sanctimonious, have been created by Shaw in a straightforward and unpedantic manner; and as to the wife, she is the sweetest, gentlest, and truest of women, and the two rival lovers through the perils of a triple affair. When the play was at the climax of the men's contention they agree that the woman shall choose between them, and she is asked to render her verdict. She only sets forth the faults of each and says she will accept the love of the weaker one. The clergyman thinks she means the poet and so he reads the printed play, but in her just and fond judgment the tempter who resolutely tries to get her mentally if not morally stronger than the husband, who doubts her fidelity without the shadow of a reason. So she declares that her help is needed most by the man who has her heart, and the curtain falls on the tableau of the wife in her husband's arms, and the extraneous lover in the doorway. "Candida" could be made a saleable play by conventionalizing the clergyman and the poet, but that would be an artistic crime and I hope Shaw will never permit it.

Four big theatres in or near the Bowery are given over to drama in Yiddish, the language of the Polish Jews of that section of the city. A Yiddish company thrives very well in each. It was in one of these houses, the old Bowery, hallowed by memories of Forrest and the elder Booth, that some invited guests assembled to an extra afternoon performance of "God, Man and the Devil." Now there are folks whom anything in foreign tongue on the stage is better than anything native. Experience doesn't correct their judg-

ment. They told us of a wonderful comedian at the Chinese theatre in Doyers street, and we found him a chink chunk of falsetto crudity. They were enthusiastic about a marvelous tragedian at the Italian theatre in Motz street, and hired Carnegie hall for an exhibition of their discovery, but the daggo was no more than an ordinarily competent actor. They became ecstatic over a company of Japanese equestrians who, when put on view in Broadway, seemed as though they ought to be juggling balls, sliding down wires and tumbling poles, so merely physical was their acting. They are so foolish in their laudation of the German stock artists in Irving Place that one feels like decrying the considerable merits of their acting. These German patriotic zanyes were numerous represented at the Yiddish performance, which wasn't bad, though no better than the cut-rate stock companies in English. So much by way of a spanking for those childish ones who hurrah for whatever is not American in theatrical art.

To the drama of "God, Man and the Devil" I took a Polish Jew along to tell me what its Yiddish meaning. The principal character was the Man, a poor peddler enriched by the Devil, who undertook to prove that the filthiest sinless peddler would become wicked under temptation. A prologue was in Heaven, and the voice of God was heard, but he was not seen. The Devil appeared in the ensuing act on earth, wearing a fur-lined overcoat, as if to protect himself against the cool change from his home climate. His agreement with the Almighty was explicitly spoken of as a wager, the Man's soul being at stake. It was plain that the Jewish Jews, who filled the balconies, saw nothing sacrilegious in all that, they applauded the moral deductions heartily, yet they did also laugh at the Devil's humor. He contrived to have the Man win the capital prize in a lottery so that wealth might work his moral downfall. And it did. We saw him next as the occupant of a fine house, putting aside his ugly old wife, marrying his pretty young niece and generally going to the Devil for a fact, physically and metaphorically. However, the sinner saved his soul by destroying his body. That is what my Yiddish friend said, and it did seem the command against self-slaughter to the contrary notwithstanding. He became so repentant, remorseful and generally going to the Devil for a fact, that he committed suicide. And it was explained that he had lost his wager with God.

A drama which Krylie Bellow put to use last week may well be classed with the uncommercial plays; but it is only three-quarters of an hour long, and it is a masterpiece of its kind. It is a popular sort of piece, so the "Sacred Judas," as it is called, is accepted as it wouldn't be if it were the whole evening's show. The chief character, an apostate Roman Catholic, Monk, hears the confession of a man who expects to die at once and grants him absolution under the following singular circumstances: In the time of the Reign of Terror in France an aristocrat hid in the cottage of a peasant and ill-repaid the hospitality by wronging the girl of the family. A young priest had unfrocked himself in order to espouse the cause of the revolutionists, and he was an inmate of the same humble household. He was in love with the maiden, too, but her heart had been given to the nobleman. When the former Monk learned the evil that his rival had wrought he betrayed him to a blood-thirsty leader of the revolutionists. It seemed certain that the fugitive would be arrested within a few minutes and killed. He did not fear death himself, but was in terror, being an orthodox Catholic, of what was beyond for him if he died without a priest's service. He appealed to his betrayer, who had refused, declaring that he both wouldn't and couldn't.

"A man once a priest is a priest for all time," cried the penitent wretch, "no matter if he does renounce holy orders. I have heard you say so, and you cited as authority the converts baptized by Judas the traitor. You are bound by your solemn vow to administer the sacrament to me."

So the apostate priest listened in anguish to the aristocrat's confession of wrong to the girl both loved and pronounced absolute. But the ordeal made him priest again in spirit as well as in formality. He helped the culprit to escape, on condition that he

take his loving victim along and marry her honorably. As for himself, he remained to pay the penalty of his act with his life. He went upstairs to his room, put on his white robe of a monk, reappeared in the balcony and died in the way I will describe. Louis Tiercelin wrote this tragedy in French. Forbes Robertson produced the English translation in London, and James O'Neill is taking it through the country.

I can't recollect off-hand what it was that the negro mentioned in the old ditty as "sach a gittin' upstairs ez he nether hab no room, and he last worth while to search out the particulars of that achievement. But I can tell you all about such a getting down stairs as I never had seen before. Bellow did it in this new play. As a warrior bold a year ago, he pierced four assassins with his trusty sword, in the portico of a palace, and sent them tumbling down a stairway. The present case is the reverse of that once. He impersonates now a man of peace, and invites some soldiers to shoot him as he stands on a balcony. They fire and he falls the full length of the fourteen steps to the floor below. How he does it without hurting himself I can't explain. He flings up his arms at the gunshots, pitches his body down the steep stairs and strikes in a heap at the bottom. That may not be an intellectual phase of dramatic art, but it thrills its beholders through and through, and climaxes a play that is good literature as well as being the most impressive piece of fiction acted here this season.

## SOCIETY

(Continued From Page 2, Section Four.)

Miss Bertha Tuft entertained a crowd of young friends at her home Tuesday evening in a most enjoyable manner. Games of different kinds and a fine luncheon were enjoyed. Those present were Misses Ella Nelson, Winnie Tucker, Winnie Candland, Zella Seely, Venetta Foster, Lodica Seely, Lillian O. Seely, Roy Nielsen, Royal Candland, Earl Seely, Peter Peterson, Hyrum Syndergaard.

Misses Mabel Borg and Mina Hasler came home Thursday from the B. Y. A. Christmas party. They were with their families and friends.

Walter Rosenfeld and Miss Josephine Anderson, both of the society program, were married by President C. N. Lund Wednesday. After the ceremony the families of the bride and groom were entertained at a wedding supper by the groom's mother.

The L. D. S. Sunday school gave a fine Christmas tree and program at the meeting house last evening. Every child belonging to the school was remembered by a token.

The Presbyterian Sunday school and the Swedish academy also remembered the whole society of the program at the church Thursday evening. Both the events were very successful.

Lloyd Mount was down from Kimberley this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Segmiller are in Mantel.

Miss Edith Shermer has gone to Payson for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Segmiller was up from Sigurd this week.

Miss Clara Anderson went to Ephraim Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Black were down from Marysville this week.

Miss Ella Hansen is down from Marysville.

Mrs. H. L. Moule will entertain the Ladies Aid society at her residence on the afternoon of Dec. 30.

Mrs. Clara Ramboe came home from Salt Lake to spend the holidays.

Mrs. W. M. McCarty of Salt Lake has been visiting here for a few days on her way home, after attending the funeral of her husband's father in Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Weber went up to Kimberley Friday returned from Elsinore Saturday.

Miss Pearl Wright spent a part of this week in Marysville.

Miss Effie Sorenson returned to Scipio Saturday to meet her sister, Mrs. Charles Skougard.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Noves returned from Lehi last Saturday and will again make Richmond their home.

Pearl Thompson, of Brigham City, who has been visiting here for a few weeks, just went to Salt Lake yesterday, where Mrs. Moore will remain this winter. President W. H. Segmiller left Monday for the Dixie country for the benefit of his health.

Ben F. Ashby is down from Marysville to spend the holidays.

L. H. Outzen, Jr., is home from the Annie Laurie Extension for a few days. The Home Dramatic company presented "Hazel Kirk" Saturday evening at the opera house.

The Protestant and Methodist Episcopal churches both had Christmas exercises and Christmas trees this week.

Marriage licenses have been issued by the county clerk the past week as follows: Frank M. Lyon, aged 22, of Mantel, and Henrietta, 23, of Kootenai; Charles L. Ogden, aged 22, and Dora Ann Coons, aged 19, both of Richfield; Claude D. Burgess, aged 22, and Emily Colby, aged 19, both of Salt Lake; Ralph F. Nilsson, aged 21, and Mary R. Tuft, aged 20, both of Monroe.

**BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY.**  
The following thirty-five volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Dec. 28, 1903:

**Miscellaneous.**  
"Anthony and others," "History of Western Civilization," 4 volumes.  
"Austin," "Florence Field."  
"Barras," "Memoirs," 4 volumes.  
"Barras," "A Living."  
"Dawson," "South American Republics."  
"Farnsworth," "New System of Addition."  
"Jerome," "Tea Table Talk."  
"Metchnikoff," "Nature of Man."  
"Nurse," "Adventures of an Army Nurse."  
"Nelson," "History of Scandinavians in O'Hagan, Jr., "Song of Roland."  
"Pryor," "Mother of Washington."  
"Richards," "New Propositions in Speculative and Practical Philosophy."  
"Thompson," "Protestantism and Catholicism."  
"Van Dyke," "Little Rivers."  
"Whiting," "Life Radiant."  
"Miracles and Supernatural Religion."

**Unreliable Data.**  
(Boston Post.)  
A book agent, a drummer and a life insurance man were chatting in front of the sub-treasury in Wall street the other day. The book agent, who is an elderly man, with a shrewd, clean-shaven face, happened to pass.

"That's Russell Sage," remarked the insurance man to the drummer, with an air of superior wisdom.

The drummer thought he saw a chance of getting the best of it. Turning to the book agent, he said:

"I'll bet you a dinner for the three of us that you can't borrow a quarter, let alone a dollar, from that old man walking up the street."

"I'll go you," replied the book agent, starting in pursuit.

The man of nerve accosted his victim, apparently got him interested, and then steered him up against a store window out of the way of the passing crowd. His two chums could not hear what he was saying, but they could see by his motions and expression that he was giving the talk of his life. It was a long, hard job, but at last he won, and the book agent returned with a satisfied expression on his face and a bright new quarter.

A broker who was passing was told about the wager, and they pointed out to him the old man walking slowly up the street.

"Gosh," shouted the broker, "that ain't Russell Sage."

**Reflections of a Bachelor.**  
(New York Press.)  
One man can lead a woman to think, but a thousand cannot make her think.

A man can be very comfortable in any kind of a chair if he is sure everybody else wants it.

It is terribly humiliating to a woman to think how ashamed of some thing she would have to be if she weren't married.

A woman's idea of a choice seat at the opera is where what happens on the stage cannot possibly interfere with her chance to see everything else.

Generally it is the man who leaves rubbish on his sidewalk to trip up people that damns the railroads for their lack of consideration for the public.

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**M. MARTINSEN.** 422 W. First North street, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Mr. Martensen says: "I want to say frankly and positively that Dr. Shores & Shores cured me of one of the worst cases of Catarrh a man could have, in addition to which I had severe stomach trouble, and now that ONE YEAR HAS ELAPSED since my cure and I feel perfectly well, I feel sure my cure is PERMANENT, and I am glad to endorse Dr. Shores & Shores." (Signed) "M. MARTINSEN."

**MRS. S. C. SORENSON.** Popperston Place, Salt Lake City.  
Mrs. Sorenson says: "I have suffered three years with a terrible skin disease. I came to Dr. Shores & Shores one month ago; my skin was dry and scaly and itched all the time; my scalp was covered with sores, and through my suffering my stomach became weak and I was generally run down. IN TWO WEEKS I FOUND ALL MY TROUBLE GONE, and I feel like a new woman." (Signed) "MRS. S. C. SORENSON."

**MYLON VAN BUREN.** Denver, Publisher of the Western Poultry World, 222-223 Apple Building, Denver, Colo.  
Mr. Van Buren writes: "I think your treatment is simply the greatest on earth for stomach trouble. I suffered tortures, and weighed only 123 pounds when I consulted you and commenced taking treatment, and got well and weighed 150 pounds when I was cured. I am a standing 'ad' for you here." (Signed) "M. VAN BUREN."

**MRS. SARAH AUSTIN.** Deweyville.  
Mrs. Austin says: "I have been a very sick woman for nearly two years. I was almost crazy with my head, could not sleep, had terrible dreams, was weak and tired all the time, bloated up and was in constant pain, until I went to Dr. Shores. I can truthfully say I am improved in every way, sleep better, feel easier and look better." (Signed) "MRS. SARAH AUSTIN."



**JOSEPH RIDDLE, NO. 3** South Second West St., Salt Lake City.  
"I have suffered several years with catarrh. My head and nose stopped up. I had to hawk and spit continually, my eyes were affected, my stomach other distressing symptoms. I want to say I have improved wonderfully under Dr. Shores' treatment, and today I am feeling fine. I feel that I owe you my most sincere gratitude. Yours respectfully, "JOSEPH RIDDLE."

**GEORGE BRADSHAW.** Minersville, Utah.  
Mr. Bradshaw writes as follows: "Three months ago I began taking your treatment for catarrh and stomach trouble. There was such a gnawing sensation in my stomach that at times I was quite unfit for work—but since taking your treatment I feel quite different—no more gnawing and splitting is no more—and my stomach feels fine. I feel that I owe you my most sincere gratitude. Yours respectfully, "GEORGE BRADSHAW."

**LOTTIE PLYER, Ogden, Utah.**  
"Lottie," says her mother, Mrs. C. Plyer, "had Catarrh dreadfully and became very deaf—had trouble with her stomach, could not enjoy her meals, and was very restless at night. I placed her under Dr. Shores' treatment. Since then she has improved every day—no more deafness, no more catarrh, no more dizziness, and to all intents and purposes is absolutely well and cured." (Signed) "LOTTIE PLYER."

**PETER OHLIN, North Salt Lake, Janitor, Bonanza School.**  
"I have suffered for years with Catarrh and a very bad stomach trouble. I had no appetite, everything felt like lead in my stomach. I would belch up gas; had pain in my bowels; head stopped up; ringing in the ears and generally run down. I have been under Dr. Shores' treatment just a month, and today I feel perfectly well and cured." (Signed) "PETER OHLIN."

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